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THE WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.

Monday.

The energetic and flourishing town in which I write has put on its bravest apparel to honour the National Eisteddfod of Wales. Even the most benighted dweller in Saxon Britain must know that while every year many places in the Principality get up eisteddfodeau on their own account one is chosen for the national celebration, the rule being to favour the North and South alternately. It has now come to the turn of the South, and of Cardiff, which shows, I am bound to say, a very thorough appreciation of its good fortune. The thriving community at the mouth of the Taff is extremely wide awake, and never lets a chance slip. Not long ago it ran a race with Swansea for the site of the South Wales University, and won the prize. At the present moment it seems bent upon suggesting to thoughtful minds the question whether the National Eisteddfod when visiting the South could find such a welcome and such good quarters anywhere else. I shall prove this, and help to answer the query by simply stating a few facts, gathered from the official programme, and picked up by personal observation. In the first place Cardiff is proud to receive the Eisteddfod within its walls—witness the pains taken to decorate the streets and to show hospitality. All the main thoroughfares are vistas of colour, the result of waving flags, of Venetian masts gay with banners, and of triumphant arches elegant with time-honoured mottoes. The Corporation, moreover, has set aside a handsome sum for the purposes of welcome and good cheer, while the local Eisteddfod committee, as worthily representing a wealthy town, has devoted an unusually large amount to the encouragement of excellence in various branches of literature, science, and art. Some of the prizes are valuable enough to bring the best talent into the lists: thus £100 are offered for the best essay on the history of Welsh literature during a certain period; a like sum for the best choral singing; £50 for the best musical setting of a dramatic poem, and so on. As for the subjects in which competition is stimulated by smaller though still desirable amounts, their name is legion. They do not, however, comprise the homely and commonplace themes that on former occasions have excited sarcasm. The managers in this instance discern that the Eisteddfod should promote culture; that it should encourage the people to rise above their surroundings, and cultivate both intellect and imagination in a region higher than that of ordinary life. This is the right course, and equally important is it to observe that the committee have taken measures adapted to place before the public good examples tending to raise the standard of excellence. It has been too much the fashion at Eisteddfod meetings to judge according to conditions dictated rather by regard for the competitors than for absolute merit. Hence a contentment of mediocrity with itself, and an absence of striving after a superior condition, the existence and necessity of which are kept out of evidence. The Cardiff committee have taken pains to avoid this mistake. Not only do observers find the character of the competitions raised, but they note the engagement of adjudicators who are not likely to forget, in consideration for the candidates, what is due to the literature, science, and art they represent. In respect of music, always prominent at an Eisteddfod, even more has been done by the engagement of a first-class London orchestra, nearly sixty strong, and the making of programmes that, save for a few incongruous and therefore objectionable pieces, are most instructive. An orchestra of some kind is no novelty on occasions like the present, but I believe that such a body of instrumentalists as that brought down here is without precedent in Eisteddfod history. Unique also will be the performance during the week of works like Spohr's *Power of Sound*, Schubert's *Symphony in B minor*, Mendelssohn's *Concerto in G minor*, the overtures to *Leonora*, *Der Freyschütz*, *Die Zauberflöte*, and other compositions of a similar class. It is by thus setting before a local public the highest examples of universal art that the existence of shortcomings is demonstrated, and wholesome dissatisfaction with actual attainments encouraged. On the whole the Cardiff Eisteddfod bids fair to prove most valuable as a stimulus to Welsh culture. Its general tendency is less national, and, therefore, less narrow, than of many gatherings in the past. I mention this approvingly, without disparaging reverence for ancient traditions or pride in local characteristics. These are feelings always to be cherished, but the matters which excite them should be studied in the light of universal intelligence, and the standard of national intelligence, as well as of national achievement, should be that which serves to measure the best doings of the world rather than of a few counties. The Eisteddfod opened this morning with the ceremonies that never vary, and have been so often described. The Marquis of Bute, president of the day, was escorted from the Castle to the "pavilion," a huge engine-shed not yet occupied by the railway company, the Mayor and Corporation in full municipal state taking part in the pageant. An immense crowd watched this public display, to which all the resources of the town contributed, including

even the Fire Brigade. The ancient and significant ceremonies of the gorsedd followed, presided over by the venerable chief bard Clwydfardd, whose fourscore years and four sit lightly upon him; and then an adjournment to the pavilion was made, for the purpose of carrying out the programme of competitions and adjudications. Lord Bute's reception by an audience numbering some 5,000 or 6,000 persons was enthusiastic. Hearty, likewise, was the greeting bestowed on Lady Bute, the Mayor of Cardiff, who wore his chain and robes, the venerable Archdeacon of Llandaff, and the many Welsh notables who presently filled the platform. The National Anthem having been played upon the specially-erected organ by Mr E. H. Turpin, Lord Bute delivered an address which showed very considerable and painstaking research into the past of the Welsh nation. His speech would perhaps have better suited the Cymmrodorion Society now in session here, but it was heard with laudable attention by the noble president's very miscellaneous audience, and obtained, as it deserved, frequent applause. The adjudications then proceeded, those in literature, science, painting, &c., having been, of course, determined beforehand; but the musical competitions, as far as they entailed performance, went on then and there, some in separate rooms, others on the great platform, the judges being Sir G. A. Macfarren, Messrs Barnby, Bennett, Evans, Jenkins, Brinley Richards, Turpin, and John Thomas. They comprised an orchestral performance of the overture to *Masaniello*, for which bands entered from Cardiff, Merthyr, and Treherbert. This was most interesting, as demonstrative of the attention paid to instrumental music in its highest and most complicated form. It was also gratifying as proving that attention to be neither slight nor fruitless. The Cardiff string band, to which Sir G. A. Macfarren awarded the first prize, played really well, while much credit, in addition to the second prize, was earned by the amateurs from Merthyr. In other competitions, in the singing of "Quando Corpus," in playing piano-forte solos, which brought to the front a clever Newport lad, named Try, and in the singing of an anthem by church or chapel choirs, the result was not quite satisfactory. Prizes for sight-singing, offered by Mr S. Aitken, chairman of the Musical Committee, were not contested, the choirs entered failing to make an appearance, much to general disappointment. Altogether the music of the morning sitting was not remarkable. Apart from the playing of the two prize bands, it lacked the superior merit which confers distinction by marking its purposes out from the common run.

The evening sitting was presided over by Sir E. J. Reed, M.P. for Cardiff, and had music for its chief attraction, there being competitions for brass bands, solo violinists, organists, pianists, harmonium players, string quartets, &c., in addition to which performances were given by Signor Foli, Mr Brinley Richards, Mr John Thomas, Mr Turpin, Mr Ap Herbert, and the local Blue Ribbon choir, whose ladies wore Welsh costume. Comment upon their doings is scarcely called for, and I must leave till a better opportunity the remarks suggested by a fine art exhibition and other features of this very interesting national solemnity.

Tuesday, August 7th.

In my letter of yesterday I said that the musical adjudicators engaged here were not men likely to be influenced by mere sentiment in coming to conclusions. Their decisions have again and again proved that I was right. Some prizes have been withheld altogether, others have been reduced in value, while in certain cases the second prize has become the first, and the advertised first has disappeared. Possibly one result is soreness of spirit here and there, but I feel sure that public common sense approves a course which, if in itself disagreeable, tends to bear good fruit by and bye. Let it be declared again, as a fact beyond dispute, the lenient judgment in past times is answerable for much mischief. Unfriendly critics of the Eisteddfod sometimes assert that the institution has really done very little of a noticeable character. I should answer that often the best work is not noticeable, but the fact remains, and a habit of praising everything and everybody has tended to restrain the spirit of progress by inspiring content with present achievement. The Eisteddfod now in session may be said to mark a new departure; its discipline many will find to be not joyous, but grievous; but all this is worth undergoing for the sake of the conviction that there is not only a higher good unattained, but that the good in question is demanded by the standard applicable to Eisteddfod exercises.

In respect of the matter just touched upon I am not sure that the adjudicators upon subjects other than music have been equally strict. The literary papers are not accessible, and, therefore, criticism reaches neither them nor their judges. On the other hand, the pictures and tangible works of art are shown, so that it is possible to estimate the standard adopted by Messrs Alma Tadema, F. Wedmore, and Professor Sollas. Those, I imagine, are not entirely satisfied with the art exhibition as representative of an important part of Great Britain, the less because most of the principal

works shown have been sent in from the other side of the Welsh border. Still, whoever has attended Eisteddfod meetings for fifteen or twenty years past recognizes an immense advance. The Renaissance of our day has not passed Wales by, and I do not hesitate to declare that an exhibition of purely Welsh art, such as is now on view at the "pavilion," would have been impossible even a little while since. Some of the paintings are really meritorious, while in cases where the experts have given prizes to startling displays of colour, it will almost assuredly be found that they have done so in recognition of admirable drawing.

To-day's weather was much more favourable than that of yesterday. Nevertheless, the attendance at the morning session, which was mainly devoted to adjudications and competitions, fell short of the expected number. This, however, is not unusual at Eisteddfodau on the second day. The public reserve themselves for the session whereat the winner of the choir prize is inducted into his distinguished place with the ancient form and ceremony. In the present case they held back also for the admirable concert of this evening, which promised a first-class London orchestra, and such excellent vocalists as Miss Annie Marriott, Mr Barton McGuckin, and Signor Foli. But if the immense engine shed, capable of receiving 20,000 people, was not crowded, a large and greatly distinguished audience assembled, watching the proceedings hour after hour with unflagging patience. The chairman of the day, Lord Aberdare, having been duly installed, and his address delivered, business went rapidly and smoothly on. The literary adjudications were many, and their subjects various, ranging from the libretto of a pantomime up to the condition and prospects of King Coal. In Cardiff, if anywhere, this grimy monarch holds sway, and it was right and fitting that his supremacy should receive some sort of acknowledgment. Hence adjudications on essays treating of the coal resources of South Wales and the coal trade in the same district. I hope they were valuable; but many an Eisteddfod flower is born to blush unseen, and one can hardly suppose coal essays will have a better fate than their predecessors. Some day or other, perhaps, the funds of the institute and the spirit of its managers will allow of the printing of all the prize papers, so that whatever good is in them may go forth among the public and bear fruit. The interest of the morning sitting chiefly gathered, as usual, round the musical competitions, some of which were necessarily conducted in private, only the results being made known and the winners heard in public. Some very satisfactory work was done. For example, an instrumental solo competition, choice of instrument open, showed a good average of merit, the first prize being taken by a clever Swansea boy named Griffiths (flute), and the second by an excellent, though self-taught, trombonist (Mr Foxwell), of Newport. A madrigal and part-song competition also showed valuable results, as did in special measure a competition amongst male voice choirs. The winners of the first prize in the last-named case were a party of sixteen colliers from Rhondda Valley. Anything more admirable than the singing of these underground workers I do not expect to hear in London. Power and delivery, precision and artistic freedom were conspicuous to a degree which filled strangers with amazement. That the decision of the judges in favour of the Rhondda men was endorsed by a delighted audience goes without saying—let the so-called musical countries show anything better among their miners, and I will admit their supremacy without further cavil. Time and space fail me to tell of other excellent work, such as was done in vocal duet competitions, in a choral competition which brought bodies of singers, all working men and women, from Abergavenny, Dowlais, Merthyr, Neath, and Tredegar. Merit varied, of course, but was never entirely absent, and ever deserved the praise due to a good attained in spite of untoward circumstances. All things considered, it created astonishment, and a profound belief that a country able to show such results in the "green tree" of actual conditions will take a brilliant place in the good time coming.

This evening was devoted to an orchestral concert, in which a band of sixty London players made a first appearance here, conducted—and well conducted, too—by Mr E. H. Turpin. The connection of such an orchestra with the Eisteddfod is an event calling for hearty congratulation, and reflects the utmost credit upon the Cardiff committee, who are showing themselves worthy to represent a University town. These eminent London performers—among whom are Messrs Pollitzer, Lazarus, Barrett, Reynolds, and many others equally well known—come down not only to delight unaccustomed ears, but to show what excellence is, and thus to stimulate effort by setting up a more exalted standard. Their playing this evening was a grand lesson, worth all the sacrifice entailed. It opened the eyes of many to see that which heretofore had been unimagined, and made a distinct step towards the highest good. The works performed included Beethoven's C minor Symphony and *Leonora* overture; Handel's First Organ Concerto, solo by Mr Scott,

a local professor of high attainment both in an executive and artistic sense; the overtures to *Der Freyschütz* and *Semiramide*; Mendelssohn's *scena*, "Infelice," sung most admirably by Miss Annie Marriott; a harp solo by Mr John Thomas, who again demonstrated his dexterous skill; and songs in which Mr Barton McGuckin and Signor Foli brought down the house. Altogether, the first classical concert was a brilliant success, auguring well for those to follow.

SCRAPS FROM GERMANY.

From our Teutonic Correspondent.

WIESBADEN.—The London season being over, what remains to be done, to enjoy pleasure and comfort, fresh air and new life, than to go to the sea side or better still cross over to the Continent, to one of those places, where pleasure is cheap and plentiful, namely—Wiesbaden, Hamburg, or Baden. Yesterday Friday the 3d of August, the Cur Director Herr Heyl announced a Grosses Gardenfest—with 3 orchestral Bands, the Curcapelle, the Band of the 27 Regiment and in addition the Kaiserliche Cornet Quartett composed of 4 distinguished artists. The bands begun at 2 pm. & played almost incessantly till 11. at night, a Balloon ascended at 5.30 with Herr Securius—a brilliant firework over the romantic and beautiful lake & a Ball terminated this enchanting Fête. Every one was happy and delighted, ein Meer von Vollgait, swimming in a sea of happiness.—The "Emperors Cornet Quartett" is well famed in Germany and Holland. Composed of four gentlemen members of the Berlin High School & the Imperial Opera—Herr Kosleck principal, Finsterbush, Tenze & Gerlach, these gentlemen play with an artistic finish, and an effect both charming & astounding, the pure Tone and sweetness, the neatness and correctness of their passages, and the general musician like style of their execution, produces a marvellous effect, & is only to be compared with one of the sublime Quartetts played by Herr Joachim—Piatti & consorts of the Monday populars. It is imposibel to describe the pleasant effect of the 4 Cornets, it is quite originally new. The Cornet Quartett is favoured by the Emperor & the Crown princes highest patronage, being often summoned at the imperial Court Soirees.

SEPERATE PERFORMANCE OF WAGNER'S PARISFAL.—All the scenery to Parsifal, are in transport from Bayreuth to Munich, where it will be given on the 18th for the King of Bavaria alone, as audience.

WIEN.—The libretto of Strauss's new Operette, *A night at Venice*, has been realtered and written by Herren Zell & Genée, after an older plot, entitled "*Le château trompette*" by Michael Carée and Carmon Music by M. Gevaert, which was played April 24th 1860, at the Opera Comique, Paris. With the exception of omitting several characters, and adding others, is the dialogue almost verbally the same.

MAYENCE.—The Städtiche Capella, town Orchestra performs daily at the "new Anlage, new gardens, a programme of classical pieces, by Saint Saens, Liszt, Wagner, Beethoven is also admitted under the direction of Herr Fritz Steinbach—The new Saalban will be opened with a Carnaevall seance, and later with a musical Festival in February, It is the largest Concert Hall built in Germany.

FRANKFURT.—Herr Candidus continues a favorite at the Frankfurt Opera House, & his popularity continues singing the Tenor parts in the princepel Opera's with most success.—A curious incident hapened at the new Operahouse. During the Second Act of the Wagners *Walküre* a gentlemen in the Dress circle, opened a parcel & displayed great appetite in devouring a Garlick Sausage & Bread, to the general disgust of his surrounding neighbors Wen spoken to, he said, I have paid my seat & can amuse myself as I like.

To Shaver Silver, Esq. Mainz, Aug. 10.

COBLENTZ.—A report was circulated among the artists engaged at the recent Musical Festival here that Dr Ferdinand von Hiller intended resigning the Directorship of the Cologne Conservatory and the conductorship of the Gürzenich Concerts. This report must be taken with due reserve. Let us hope that it may prove unfounded.

ANTWERP.—M. Coulon, manager of the Théâtre-Royal, Antwerp, is making great efforts to render his coming season attractive. He has engaged an efficient operatic company, headed by Mlle Poissonot and M. Warot. The chief novelty will be Ambroise Thomas' *Françoise de Rimini*, put upon the stage at the expense of the Municipality. *Les Contes d'Hoffman*, Offenbach's last opera, will be another novelty, and—provided a satisfactory representative of the heroine can be found—Léo Delibes' *Lakmé*, a third.

MARIE ROZE.

The subjoined paragraph is extracted from the teeming columns of our contemporary, the *Era*, only rival in manifold sheets and Briarean feelers to the unrivalled *Times*, "with supplement," of Hereford-on-the-Wye:—

"The announcement is made that Mr Carl Rosa has re-engaged M^{me} Marie Roze for his next season of English opera, and that he has secured the sole right of performing Bizet's opera, *Carmen*, in English, which he intends presenting, with M^{me} Roze in the title-role. Mr Carl Rosa's recent tour was the most successful, artistically and financially, he has ever had, and his labours as foremost champion of native opera have well deserved the reward. No small share of last season's success, however, was due to Mr Rosa's popular *prima donna*. The causes of M^{me} Marie Roze's success in English opera are easily found. Her own great natural gifts as singer and actress have been improved by thorough training on the French and Italian operatic stage. When she undertook to interpret grand opera in the English language, she did so with a fund of experience that gave her an immense advantage."

Appended is the image of the charmer (quite enough to account for the foregoing).



The *Era*, "daedal Pan" of our hebdomadal press, represents simply the era of our actuality. Like Argus, gifted with a century of eyes, it can see round about, and cast one or several of them on everything and everybody. That by sheer force of eyedom and, so to speak, exceptional oculiformity, it should have spied out Marie Roze, is not surprising. Nor, indeed, would it be very surprising, were there not an obstacle more or less insurmountable, if its whole century of eyes were fixed upon her "with anxious polyscopy," and its hundred arms stretched out to entreat her. That obstacle more or less insurmountable exists in the enviable possessor of those two eyes which "our artist" has depicted with sunny radiance in the portrait above—viz., Mr Henry Mapleson, who, being the son of a colonel, is naturally a man of war.—Dr Blinge.

A LETTER TO SEPTIMUS WIND.

DEAR WIND,—I have ever been, as you are aware, a fervent admirer of the immortal Ap'Mutton, and therefore when, very occasionally, he does appear in the pages of the only paper my wife declares I ever read through, my delight is vast. When, two weeks since, he, having dried Flosshilde's tears, came to call Dr Shoe to account for abusing his pen, I noticed he was attended by libbards and phenicopters. Now, will you kindly tell me what a libbard is? I was under the impression that a libbard was one who could indite *lais*, *virelais*, and *roundels*, but I may have been mistaken. With phenicopters—thanks to you and Dr Eagles—I am, of course, acquainted.—Yours as of old,

THOMAS G. ADDER.

Had Mr Adder applied to me, instead of to Dr Wind (who is with Dr Eagles at the Eyrie), I could have informed him that a libbard is one of the fierce tribe of parda—a leopard in short; but now I won't. With pleasure, however, will I administer unto him small doses of *doronicum* or *aconitum* (Leopard's bane), so that if he encounter a libbard he may find a bush. Mr Ap'Mutton's libbards were carefully tamed by himself, 3,000 years ago. When in Scandinavia, banqueting at Walhalla, he gave one to all-father Wotan, and another to his jealous wife, Fricka, in return for a kiss from Freia of the youth-restoring apples, whom the Giants claimed as guerdon. But Siegfried (then called Sigurd) slew both libbards in a fit, and swallowed phenicopters incontinent.—Theophilus Querr.

THE HEALTH OF OUIDA.

(To the Editor of "The Times.")

SIR,—As I receive many letters from the public inquiring as to the truth of a report which has been published in the American Press that I am suffering from "a mental malady" (!) due to "Roman fever," will you allow me to declare in *The Times* that I am perfectly well, have had no illness whatever, and shall be prepared to treat all such falsehoods with the utmost rigour of the law?—Obediently yours,

OUIDA.

Scandicci, Toscana, July 31.

Ems (extract from a private letter). Dear —,—I send a few lines to tell you that I am at Bad-Ems, spending a few weeks for the benefit of the waters. There is an excellent band here, of 40 performers, under the direction of Herr Julius Langenbach, who conducts with great spirit. We have overtures, selections from operas, fragments from symphonies, waltzes, &c., &c., exceedingly well played. There is nothing more of interest here in music, there being no theatre, only some plays given in the Saal of the Kurhaus. Ems is very full, at present, of fashionable company. We have just now a great deal of rain, which one may say is a damper to enjoyment. After being washed out here I intend to go to Margate to be starched and ironed; perhaps I may see you there, as I think you should give yourself a holiday.—Faithfully yours, G. H.

Bad-Ems, August 4th, 1883.

[Depend upon it, the starching and ironing at Margate will do "G. H." more good than the washing out at Ems, where the white wine in ordinary is very sour. Ems is worth staying at for one day. The best way to visit it is to cross the Rhine from Coblenz, climb to the top of Ehrenbreitstein, gaze at the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle, speculate as to which gives travellers the sourest wines in ordinary, then walk, or ride (walking preferred), to the (unquestionably) pretty little town on the banks of the (unquestionably) pretty little river, have some dinner (it won't be good) at the Hotel Guttenberg, take some coffee (which will not be good), smoke a cigar (which will not be good), walk over the place, examine all that is not to be seen, go early to bed (avoiding *eau de vie*, which should be re-styled *eau de mort*), eschew eggs in any form at breakfast, and start by the earliest train for Margate, where, although nothing is to be seen, a good deal is to be beneficially felt, in invigorating and appetite-restoring air. Then starch and iron to your heart's content, and finally plunge into the sea.—Dr Blidge.]

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The official programme of the 160th meeting of the Three Choirs, to be held in the Cathedral and Shire Hall, Gloucester, on September 4, 5, 6, and 7 next, has been issued. The festival opens on the Tuesday morning with Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. On the following morning a new oratorio, *St Mary Magdalen*, by Dr Stainer, will be produced; followed by Bird's unaccompanied motet, "Bow Thine ear." Gibbons' "Hosanna to the Son of David" and Beethoven's glorious Mass in C are included. For Thursday morning the selection comprises Mr. Villiers Stanford's *Elegiac Symphony* and Gounod's *Redemption*. Friday morning is devoted to the *Messiah*. The programmes of the evening concerts on Tuesday and Thursday will be of a miscellaneous character, including, at the former, Mozart's G Minor Symphony, at the latter, Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis Night*. For Tuesday evening, Mr Arnold's sacred cantata, *Semacherib*, composed for this festival, is announced, with the *Lohengrin* of Mendelssohn to follow. On Friday evening there will be a special nave service, comprising selections from Spohr, Beethoven, Walmisley, and C. H. Lloyd. The principal vocalists are Mdlle Avigliana; Misses Anna Williams, Mary Davies, and Hilda Wilson; Mdlme Patey; Messrs Edward Lloyd, Boulcott Newth, Frederick King, W. H. Brereton, and Santley. The organist is Mr Langdon Colborne, of Hereford. The pianoforte (and organ on Wednesday evening) will be entrusted to Mr W. Done, of Worcester. The leader of the orchestra and solo violinist is Mr Carrodus, and the conductor Mr Charles L. Williams. The evening concerts will be given, as usual, in the Shire Hall. (To the foregoing should be added a new choral work by Dr. C. Hubert H. Parry, entitled *The Glories of our Blood and State*, for one of the evening concerts. Altogether an excellently varied and attractive programme.—Dr Blügel.)

DRURY LANE.

(From the "Theatrical Sentinel.")

At this theatre, we were, last evening, presented with *Der Freischütz*, the *Camp*, and *Valentine and Orson*.

In our number of Friday, September the 30th, which immediately followed the last representation of *Der Freischütz*, we expressed our regret that the singers should so unkindly withhold from us the words of the songs, and we did so with the hope that a gentle hint might be productive of some amendment in that particular. In this hope, however, we were disappointed, for the songs were last night as unintelligible as ever, and we say again, that "for any thing we could hear to the contrary, the words as well as the music, might have been German." This fault, which is the cause of general complaint, we should think *might*, and we must say *ought* to be remedied. It so materially diminishes the pleasure which those who patronize the theatre expect, and are entitled to receive from the performance of an opera, that we consider it a duty imperative upon us "to labour with our utmost might" for its removal; and as our duty and inclination fortunately coincide, we shall not omit a single opportunity of pointing it out to the notice of the public and the performers themselves, until our object shall be accomplished; if "a consummation so devoutly to be wished for" be within the range of possibility. In the same number, we objected to the intended representation of a rainbow in the first scene, on the ground of its being *foreshortened*, and bearing a strong resemblance to an *elephant's tusk*, and although our judgment in this respect has been impeached, and our veracity disputed, we can find no reason, from last night's careful observation, to withdraw our objection or change our opinion. We also pointed out the *possibility* of their being an inconsistency in the circumstance of the sun, the moon, and a lamp, contributing at one time, to the illumination of a scene (as they did on the night in question), and in this particular, our labour has not been in vain, for not only has the sun been expelled, but with him also the window which had negligently admitted him at so improper an hour. This is as it should be. The managers of the theatres should never be above taking a hint, even from so humble a publication as ours: and we feel assured that they will consult their own interest, and ensure the approbation of the public, by attending to the observations which we shall from time to time offer.

In *Der Freischütz* many faults remain to be corrected yet, and to them we shall now turn our attention. The principals in the quartette and chorus in the first scene were, last night, so palpably inattentive to time, that the leader of the band was obliged repeatedly to mark it, by beating with his bow upon the music desk, and this occurred in more than one instance during the performance.

In the incantation scene the skeletons were, as usual, furnished with transparent drapery to show the audience, by means of light placed behind them, that they were substantial living men, merely intended to impose upon such as were determined to shut their eyes against conviction; and the skeleton hunt, which should have been transparent, was allowed to pass in utter darkness. In the scene where Bernhard endeavours to persuade Caspar to seek consolation in religion, the strains of sacred music, supposed to proceed from an abbey, which the scene painter had placed at a distance of, at least, one mile from the audience, were so loud that the deception completely failed, and we could not forget the organ was under the stage, and the choristers behind the scenes.* In the last scene, which is that of the trial of the marksmen's skill, Mr Fitzwilliam's gun refused to obey the trigger, a second was tried which also failed, but the third attempt was successful. Mr Cooke† was not, however, so fortunate, for he was obliged to have recourse to a fourth, before he could produce sufficient report to alarm a gentle dove at which he aimed, and which meanwhile sat like patience (not on a monument, but on the branch of a tree) smiling at his efforts.

In *Valentine and Orson* many blunders were committed, but which may be attributed to the confusion attendant upon the getting up of a new piece, and we therefore shall not particularize them.

So far we have pointed out only the faults—the beauties of both pieces, which are numerous, speak for themselves; and we shall conclude by assuring our readers, that however splenetic our remarks may appear, we are actuated in offering them by the best of motives, and that we are now, as at all times, "cruel only to be kind."

[Mr Augustus Harris must seriously consider these matters. The sun, moon, lamp, and full-bodied skeletons he can rectify himself, also the foreshortening of the rainbow. On other points he must consult Hans Richter, who, besides teaching the singers how to pronounce their words intelligibly, will beg the orchestral performers to play *pizzicato* not so much "wid de *ongle*, but more wid de meat."—Dr Blügel.]

MUNICH.

(From our Bayreuth Correspondent.)

Carmen at Munich is a mere hash. The music is so cut and changed as to be generally almost unrecognizable. Fancy leaving out the prelude to the third act! What they did play, they seemed anxious to get through in the shortest possible time. This is a fault of which many operahouses are guilty, but, for galloping through *Carmen*, Munich certainly bears off the palm, and the rest are nowhere. And then, why was the boys' chorus entrusted to women, with the result that the delightful pungency thereof was entirely lost? As to the leading singers, to call them second-rate would be too complimentary. The *Carmen*, especially, offended, by altering Bizet's text to show off a voice anything but remarkable for charm. When Don José sang, it was as uncomfortable to see him ready to burst for his high notes as it was to hear those notes when they did come forth. By-the-bye, Pellin is the only really good actor and singer that has yet taken the part of Don José. Fuchs, who at Bayreuth was a good Titurél, an acceptable Klingsor, and—fortunately on only one occasion—an Amfortas, acquitted himself pretty well as the Torreador until it came to singing behind the scenes in the third act, when, evidently confused with reminiscences of Titurél, he began half a tone, continued a whole tone, and ended a tone and a half below the pitch of the orchestra. At this point there were a few vigorous hisses, but otherwise the large audience showed no signs of either impatience or enthusiasm. Polkaw.

THE VOCALION.—As a memento of his visit to Windsor Castle, the Queen has presented Mr Baillie Hamilton with her portrait and autograph set in rich velvet and encased in a frame of silver filigree work, as a souvenir of his performance before her Majesty on the vocalion at Windsor.

* This scene, with the organ music accompanying it, was a stupid and senseless interpolation.

† The well-known Tom Cooke.

THE GODIVA PAGEANT AT COVENTRY.

(To the Editor of "The Times.")

SIR,—It is said somewhere that when Queen Elizabeth visited Coventry, her loyal subjects addressed her Majesty as follows:—

*"We men of Coventry
Are very glad to see
Your Royal Majesty.
Good lack, how fair ye be!"*

To which the Queen, who was quite equal to the occasion, replied:—

*"My Royal Majesty
Is very glad to see
The men of Coventry.
Good lack, what fools ye be!"*

On Monday next the descendants of Queen Elizabeth's loyal subjects are going to celebrate once more that stupendous and vulgar piece of tomfoolery known as Lady Godiva's Procession, and it is announced that a fair equestrienne, in fleshings, will represent Lady Godiva on horseback.

The fable of Lady Godiva's ride is too well known to be repeated here; it has furnished a subject for several artists of fame, both English and foreigners; but Mr Freeman very properly describes it as simply a disgrace to English history. Now if Lady Godiva had ever ridden through Coventry, as she is said to have done, mention of so remarkable an event would certainly have been made by some of the many early writers; but they are silent on the subject. The Saxon chronicler, Ingulph of Croyland, who knew Lady Godiva personally; Orderic Vitalis, almost a contemporary; Simeon of Durham; the Chronicle of Mailros; Florence of Worcester; and William of Malmesbury say nothing of it; while the latter, when describing the Abbey of Coventry, would certainly not have omitted to record the ride if it had taken place.

The fable is first mentioned by Roger of Wendover, who flourished in the first half of the 13th century. According to him, the people of Coventry were to be assembled in the market-place to behold Lady Godiva ride through the midst of them in a state of nudity, attended by two soldiers. She had luxuriant tresses of hair, which she unloosened, and thus formed a mantle which completely covered her body. Roger of Wendover adds that she was seen by no one. Matthew of Westminster, who wrote his history about fifty years later, mentions the fable. His work is a copy, with additions, of Roger Hoveden, who wrote about A.D. 1204, and says nothing of the ride; consequently, Matthew of Westminster must have taken it from Roger of Wendover. In his version, which differs very little from that of Roger of Wendover, he seems to hint that Lady Godiva was supernaturally shrouded from mortal eyes, for he says that she, having ridden through the assembled multitude *a nemine visa, ad virum gaudens hoc pro miraculo habentem, reversa est*. Thus, by recording that Lady Godiva rode through the assembled multitude, Matthew of Westminster and Roger of Wendover very satisfactorily dispose of "Peeping Tom." Ralph Higden, the monk of Chester, who died A.D. 1363, Henry de Knyghton, and John of Brompton, who were later writers, mention the fable, on the authority, no doubt, of Roger of Wendover and Matthew of Westminster. But the most conclusive evidence against Lady Godiva's ride is the simple fact that at the time when it is said to have taken place the town or borough of Coventry did not exist.

Coventry owes its existence to the celebrated Benedictine Abbey which the Earl Leofric built for an abbot and twenty-four monks, at the instigation of Lady Godiva, according to Ingulph. Leofric endowed it with twenty-four manors, situated in seven different counties, and with half that of Coventry. The buildings were completed in A.D. 1043, and probably were commenced twenty years previously. The church was the most splendid one ever raised in England; it contained every ornament and decoration wrought by the art of man that boundless wealth, spent with lavish and pious hands, could supply. It was so enriched with gold and silver that the very walls seemed too confined to contain the treasures. Orderic Vitalis adds that Lady Godiva gave towards the abbey church all her treasures, and, sending for goldsmiths, devoutly distributed all the gold and silver that she possessed to make the sacred Books and Gospels, and crosses and images of the saints, and other marvellous church ornaments. In a word, for the love of God and the service of the Church, she literally denuded herself of all her personal property.

This is the true history of the noble and peerless Godiva, sister of Thorold, the shire-reeve of Lincoln, and wife of that faithful lover of his country, wise statesman, loyal subject, and devoted husband, Leofric, Earl of the Mercians. Ingulph describes her as the most beautiful lady then living. Lovely as she was, the beauties of her soul and her virtues far eclipsed her personal charms. The old

historians vie with each other in her praises. Yet the fame of her good works has perished. The abbey church in which she and Leofric were buried is destroyed; the foundations were dug up in 1670, and the site turned into a bowling-alley; the memory of Lady Godiva is kept alive by a fable—a disgrace to English history—and by a woman on horseback in a costume which would not be tolerated on the English stage.—Your obedient servant,

A LINEAL DESCENDANT OF LEOFRIC AND GODIVA.

HYPERBOREAN.

Mdlle Marie Wieck, Royal Chamber-Virtuosa, of Dresden, (sister to Clara Wieck Schumann), has made, as we all know, several professional tours in Sweden. The following is an interesting account of her Northern impressions:—

"Sweden and Norway, countries in which nature, poetry, and music are most closely allied, are being more and more visited every day by travellers and artists. The towns of Stockholm, Gothenburg, Christiana, and Bergen are rich in natural beauties of the most interesting description, and it is with difficulty that you can tear yourself away from them. But it is not only the towns above mentioned, small towns, nay, the smallest, are frequently visited with satisfactory results by travelling artists, and even by whole caravans of them. For instance, Mdme Trebelli and Miss Thursby are scarcely ever absent from these countries; hardly have they left ere they are back again. Northern enthusiasm frequently reaches such a pitch that the public escort a fair singer after a concert back to her hotel, and will not be satisfied till her voice is heard streaming from her window into the clear night. Concert speculators adopt every conceivable sort of puff. Neither Sweden nor Norway, however, are overstocked with population; they can still show their primitive, beautiful, and fresh forests; in the little town of Falun, however, so well-known for its mines, there is plenty of copper, but hardly any concert-goers. Dalecarlia is distinguished by its pretty and picturesquely attired girls, and it is there, also, that we must seek for the source of the folk's music. There is a great deal of music going on at Drontheim, far up in the North, but still more in the miners' town of Bergen, where Ed. Grieg is domiciled. Northern nature, combined with wonderful folk's-songs, are mirrored in his interesting and characteristic compositions. Not far from Bergen lies the island which was the residence of the celebrated violinist, Ole Bull. His villa, built in a thoroughly original style, is the only house in the said island which is tolerably extensive, and which he brought under cultivation. The numerous and tastefully arranged plantations and the commodious paths, whence you may admire both land and sea, testify eloquently that the great artist possessed a deep feeling for nature. There are stories told of his sometimes going up to the top of the neighbouring hills and playing folk's melodies, while peasants, fishermen, and sailors listened to him. Folk's life is greatly developed in Bergen. Thus, for instance, there reigns in the fish-market an amount of animation not to be surpassed among the fiery Italians themselves. From this nature of the people spring the countless folk's-melodies; what simplicity, melancholy, and magical charm there is in them, and then again what unrestrained gaiety! Unfortunately, they are not often heard among the people, though very frequently in concert rooms; excellent bands, too, perform them out of doors in the warm summer evenings, while the native composers, Södermann, Bellmann, Wennerberg, Geyer, Winter, Kjerulf, and Normann, know how to turn this store of Northern folk's-strains to account in their works. The Swedes appreciate this, and when the students from Upsala or any Men's Vocal Quartets give a concert, and sing folk's-songs with their soft and never disagreeably prominent voices, they are greatly applauded. How thoroughly poetic the effect produced by a serenade of Upsala students is I know by personal experience, and shall never forget the cold snowy night, with its moonlight and song, when I gained it."

As Marie Wieck's concerts were most favourably received in Drontheim, Bergen, Christiana, Gothenburg, and Stockholm, and as she was so pleased with the country and the people, it is not surprising that she means to return, though she has not yet accepted the invitation to "settle."

THE KENNEDYS IN AUSTRALIA.—From a private source we learn that this popular family have given a most successful series of entertainments at Melbourne, extending over twelve nights. The hall was packed to its utmost capacity on each occasion, and the financial results have been of the most satisfactory character.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POLKAW.—For examples of what our correspondent designates the Tennyson "Leit-motive" he should refer to that magnificent poem, *Enid*, where they occur more frequently than in any other division of *The Idylls of the King*. And yet, in the Wagnerian sense, they are not "Leit-motives" at all; and it is strange that "Polkaw" should not see it.

THERSITES.—Let Thersites admire Liszt's *Christus* according to the light within him. He may consult Momus if he pleases, and afterwards Midas, but he will hardly persuade people that one of the fragments from Mendelssohn's unfinished oratorio of the same name is not worth the whole of Liszt's rhapsody, with the musical advantage of being beautiful, instead of hideously ugly.

L. MELBOURNE.—Arrived too late for this week's impression.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1883.

ELIJAH! ELIJAH! ELIJAH!
To the "advanced people."



At the Fish and Volume.

HERACLITUS.—Three Festivals!

DEMOCRITUS.—Gloucester, Wolverhampton, and Leeds.

HERACLITUS.—What's the first oratorio at Gloucester?

DEMOCRITUS.—*Elijah*, of course.

HERACLITUS (weeping).—What's the first oratorio at Wolverhampton?

DEMOCRITUS (chuckling inwardly).—*Elijah*, of course.

HERACLITUS (crying bitterly).—What's the first oratorio at Leeds?

DEMOCRITUS (laughing outwardly).—*Elijah*, of course.

HERACLITUS (in accents of despair).—And no *Christus*?

DEMOCRITUS.—No. They have enough of Mendelssohn—the *Lobgesang*, and *Walpurgisnacht*, for instance.

HERACLITUS (angrily).—Bother Mendelssohn!—I mean Liszt.

DEMOCRITUS.—Blow Liszt!

HERACLITUS.—A very little of Mendelssohn does for me.

DEMOCRITUS.—And a very little of Liszt does for me.

HERACLITUS.—You are an infidel.

DEMOCRITUS.—Because I don't believe in Beelzebub? You are a mystic. You see I am more polite.

HERACLITUS.—These Festivals will soon come to an end unless they produce more novelty.

DEMOCRITUS.—In the shape of Wagner, Liszt, —

HERACLITUS.—And Mackenzie.

DEMOCRITUS.—All right for Mackenzie—that is, if his head be not turned; but for the others? Wagner has, happily, written no oratorio except *Parsifal*, which cannot be done. Liszt has, un-

happily, perpetrated two, with both of which we are threatened by Hans Richter. May the saints forgive him!

HERACLITUS.—You are incorrigible.

DEMOCRITUS.—I am right, all the same. I say, old 'oss, you can't knock down *Elijah*, although you cry ever so loudly to Baal.

HERACLITUS.—Good-bye (*exit precipitately*).

DEMOCRITUS (*solus*).—I had him there (*exit leisurely*).

Echoes from the Past.

No. 1.

ANNA THILLON.

"*Memoria in Aeterna.*"

The heart of London is fairly captured. Tired of foreign conquest, the charming Anna Thillon has come over for a space to bathe the metropolis of England in the sunshine of her smile. She cannot forget, however, that she was once here, obscure and unacknowledged, fulfilling the poor vocation of a subordinate in a patent theatre. She cannot forget that, as plain (we mean simple, of course) Anna Hunt, she was, for a considerable period, condemned to the labours of a supernumerary*, until fate sent a knowing and lucky Frenchman to appreciate and win her. Anna Hunt, made Anna Thillon, went with her spouse to Havre, where she completed her musical education. She subsequently proceeded to Paris, where, by the influence of some of her husband's friends, she managed to get introduced to the French public, at the Théâtre de la Renaissance. A short period after this, we find her *prima donna* at the Opera Comique. Need we say that, ere long, Anna Thillon became the reigning toast among the Parisians—that from the director to the meanest officer, every soul in the theatre was entirely devoted to her—that the representatives of *La Jeune France* forsook the philosophy of revolution, abandoned the revolution of philosophy, and willingly submitted to her power? Need we say these and a thousand other such things? By no means. Go, reader, to the Princess's Theatre—hear the opera of *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, with Anna Thillon as Queen Catarina, and you will believe all you have been told, and more.

The success of Auber's delicious opera has been complete. To say nothing of its own merits, however, it lies under great obligations to the liberal expenditure of the management, and the unrivalled attractions of Mme Thillon, which, combined, have secured for it a triumphant reception. The drama is one of the fanciful unlikelyhoods which the ingenious Scribe makes *vraisemblable* by force of exceeding tact and original wit. As we are marvellously unskilled in the delineation of plots, we must call to our aid the æsthetic critic of the *Times*, who shines equally as an expounder of the mysteries of opera libretti and as a preacher on the physiologie of the art saltatory. Thus runs the story:—

"A certain Queen of Portugal, in order to relieve the pecuniary embarrassments of the state, conceives the idea of pledging the crown jewels for an adequate sum of money; secretly employing a party of coiners to make her a counterfeit set to wear at her coronation. In order to ensure the security of the jewels while in the hands of the coiners, she pretends to be one of her own maids of honour, passing to the crew as a Bohemian girl, the niece of their leader, under the name of Catarina. Over the coiners she has obtained great influence by the exercise of a mysterious power; she becomes a sort of chief to the tribe, and her name is held in terror by the surrounding neighbourhood. Don Henrique, nephew of the Minister of Police, falls by accident into the hands of the coiners, and is confronted with Catarina. Charmed with her beauty, he falls desperately in love with her. The gang is attacked by a party of soldiers, but they escape, with Catarina, under the disguise of monks, carrying off the jewels to a place of safety. Henrique returns to his uncle's house, brooding over his passion for the fascinating Bohemian, regardless of his engagement to his cousin Diana; who, however, has conceived a counter regard for one Don Sebastian. Catarina, hastening to Coimbra, is stopped by the breaking down of her carriage, and seeks shelter in the house of the Minister of Police, where she is recognized by Henrique, and, through his agency, helped with facilities to continue her journey. Henrique eventually discovers her to be the Queen; while she, enjoying his dismay, and admiring his devotion, as well as gallantry in her cause when she was apparently only a worthless and depraved creature, gives him her hand, at the same time disposing of his betrothed to the convenience of all parties."

Of course, M^{me} Thillon was the Queen, here as elsewhere. The Queen of Hearts enacted the Queen of Portugal, and civilized the coiners by the fascination of her charms. *En passant*, we may remark, that had the real Queen Catarina (for the tale is said to be founded on history, and nothing more or less than true)—had the real Queen of Portugal been possessed of the personal attractions of her fair counterfeit, she could have pitched on a much easier method of paying off the national debt. Who among her subjects would not have given her ten thousand *reals* for one smile—one only smile? She need not have pawned the crown diamonds, with such a treasury at her disposal. A smile for a cheque—and what banker would refuse it? Who could have the heart to say "No effects," when so sweet a draft was presented? But, to descend from the clouds, Anna Thillon fully realizes all that fame has said of her. Her voice is a *soprano* of exquisite quality—not powerful, but dulcet and clear—the range not unusually extensive, but every note perfect. Her execution is brilliant, neat, and infallible. She gushes out the notes with the ease and volubility of a skylark. She achieves passages of extreme difficulty without the slightest apparent effort. Nothing can possibly surpass the grace and *naïveté* of her style. Her acting is full of life and gaiety—full of point and humour—full of tact and contrast. She keeps the attention ever alive. She is always doing something—always at some pretty bye-play, if not the principal object of the scene. From one or two little touches we are inclined to think that M^{me} Thillon's talent is not exclusively comic. She appears to have a deep vein of sentiment—and this peeps out, here and there, even in her most joyous moments—showing how wise was the Eastern poet, who declared that merriment was but the outward garb of melancholy. When she affects to weep, your heart goes with her, for her tears are infectious—but when, throwing off the mask, she gives utterance to a luscious peal of laughter—which, could we be allowed to find parallels in such unamalgamating things, affects one's sense of hearing as a ripe bunch of grapes affects the sight, equally giving birth to a desire and longing—you are ready to embrace her, as the prettiest hypocrite in the world. She acts feeling so truthfully, that we will stake our lives she has a fund of it in her soul. Nor does she lack for passion. Her look, when she declared her determination to share her heart and throne with Henrique, was a history. Her whole frame seemed to speak—and her eyes flashed with the brilliancy of sunbeams. She knew that in avowing her love she conferred infinite happiness, and the consciousness of this played upon her face, animating with living passion every feature.

We wonder not that Auber, the composer, should have been seduced so entirely into her allegiance as even to behave ungratefully to the admirable Cinti Damoreau. But the latter, with all her talent, could never, we are sure, have brought into action such a *triad* of perfections, as are embraced in the acting, singing, and personal beauty of M^{me} Thillon. The *sum total* is fairly irresistible. Objections may be made here and there—to points in her acting—to points in her singing—but, mind, *not in her presence*;—she smiles you into positive submission, and you have only the power of eulogizing left. The opera of *Les Diamans de la Couronne* is well calculated for the display of M^{me} Thillon's peculiar attractions, and, in the music, Auber has certainly managed to give ample opportunity for demonstrating her capabilities to the utmost. An *air varié* in the second act, and a *Bolero* (a duet between M^{me} Thillon and Miss Grant) in the same, are perfect *jeux d'esprits*, in which the author, the composer, and the actress have an equal share. The situations are good—the music witty—the execution perfect. The pen fails in giving the reader any notion of the scene—he must go, and see, and hear, and laugh, and applaud, and be happy. Auber and M^{me} Thillon will receive him with due honour. We are thinking so much of the singer that we almost neglect Monsieur Auber and his very seductive and characteristic music. The charm in this opera lies in its irresistible gaiety, its rush of animal spirits, its piquancy, its incessant flow of tune, and its sparkling and consummate orchestration. We defy the sleepiest *ennuyé* to dose over an opera by Auber. His music is of a nature that will not be denied sympathy—it fairly makes the heart dance with it—it gives one a feeling of youth and freshness and jollity—if it be not intellectual, it is something almost as good—it comes of that sunny philosophy which goes not into the depth of sorrow—it affects not to see that itself and all else must pass away—it is evanescent, shadowy,

like a bubble, and it cares not. Such music as this, however, ought not to be confounded with the insipidity of commonplace, or the frigidity of stale truism, or the pomposity of affected depth, or the shallowness of assumed eccentricity. Let it be, if you please, put into another rank than that filled by the immortal creations of the masters of art, but let it not be debased by comparison with the offspring of vulgar minds. If a composer, or a poet, or a painter, think freshly and express himself freely, he is to a certain extent a master—and as (decidedly in the case of the composer) being a *rara avis*, has every right to be placed apart from ordinary men, as one particularly endowed and gifted by the Creator with what men call genius. Auber is incontrovertibly a man of genius, though not a great man. There is a vast difference between the two. The last *must* be the first, though the first is not necessarily the last. To compare Auber with Mozart, Beethoven, or even Weber, would be worse than folly. His mind is not of the same cast—it exists in altogether a separate sphere; but as much as it is beneath the highest—so much is it above the common level. Auber is, beyond a doubt, the most gifted of the French composers. He might have been more than he is—but that is beside the question:—take him for what he is, and we find enough, in all conscience, to admire. In some of his earlier operas, there is a fancy almost inexhaustible—a style which if not lofty, is new and striking—an orchestration varied, and masterly. Latterly he has written with less care—he has grown prosperous and fat—he has been caressed into a dore—he has been spoiled by the public, who accept anything he offers, no matter what. Doubtless he is fond of money, for, with him, music is now as much a merchandize as an art-pursuit. Like his famous contemporary, Rossini, he too often makes sport of what others consider gravely, treating music as his puppet rather than as his deity. But (again, like Rossini) he is marvellously endowed, and even in his carelessness, gives that to the world, which industrious dullness vainly attempts to compass. The *Diamans* is the best of his most recent operas, and is popular all over France and Germany. Its melodies are hummed in every town throughout Europe. Its success here has emulated its success abroad.

A word for the co-operators with M^{me} Thillon in the representation of *Les Diamans*. Allen (the Henrique) sings with unexceptionable taste and musician-like correctness—and his conception of the part is original and amusing. M^{me} Thillon has every reason to be satisfied with her lover, and she evidently is so. Miss Grant took us by surprise. In a word, the music entrusted to her could not have been better executed, no matter by whom. She has a nice voice, and manages it with artistic ease, keeping up the spirit of the scene with M^{me} Thillon, in all respects successfully. Mr Weiss has immensely improved, and his voice told admirably in the concerted music. Paul Bedford was less boisterous and extravagant, and proportionably more acceptable to polite ears. The *mise en scène* of the opera is creditable to the management. No expense has been spared, and the result has been complete success, with the certainty of a long run. To Mr W. Lovell Phillips we owe acknowledgment for the skilful manner in which he has trained the chorus—and the like to Mr Edward Loder for the discipline of the band.—*From the "Musical Examiner"—May 11th, 1844.*

** LETTER FROM ANNA THILLON.

(To the Editor of the "Musical Examiner.")

SIR,—Permit me to return you my sincere thanks for the very kind and handsome notice of me in your paper of the 11th instant, and at the same time to assure you, that I never sang at any theatre in England, in any capacity whatsoever, until I made my *début* at the Princess' Theatre, on the 2nd of May, 1844.

Will you allow me to add, that I left England when only ten years of age, and that I never sang, on the Continent, in any subordinate character. Your much obliged,

ANNA THILLON.

7, Mortimer Street, May 12, 1844.

—o— MDME ANNA THILLON.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—At page 483 of this day's *Musical World* is a letter respecting "Anna Thillon." Will you kindly inform the writer, W. H. H., that M^{me} Thillon has been living in Torquay for the

last fifteen years with her husband, M. Thillon, who used to be principal violin with Jullien's Band. I passed Mme Thillon yesterday, and spoke to her in passing, so that I can answer for her being alive and well.—Yours truly,

WM. REYNOLDS.

Pianoforte Saloons, Torquay, Aug. 4, 1883.

PROVINCIAL.

WELLS.—Two concerts, morning and evening, are announced—under the management of Mr. Gleaves, vicar-choral of the Cathedral—for the 28th inst., at which Mme Edith Wynne, Miss Delia Harris, Mr W. H. Cummings, Mr Lewis Thomas, Miss Bessie Waugh, and Mr John Thomas will be the exponents of varied and interesting programmes.

YARMOUTH (NORFOLK).—At the parish church on Tuesday evening, July 31, Mr H. Stonex gave another of his organ recitals, to which a very large congregation had the pleasure of listening. The following was the programme: Andante in A, Posthumous work, No. 1 (Smart); Offertoire in A flat (Batiste); "Ave Marie" in F, 16th Century (Arcadelt); Offertoire in F, No. 2 (Wély); Barcarole in F, 4th Concerto (Bennett); Cantilene pastorale in B minor (Guilmant); "Meditations" in B flat (Clark); Concert-stick for organ (Spark).

CARNARVON.—The North Wales Musical Eisteddfod opened at Carnarvon on Monday, under the presidency of Mr Rathbone, M.P. The Festiniog choir won the fifty guinea prize in choral competitions, the Llanberis band winning twenty guineas in brass band competitions. Mr Henry Leslie and Dr F. G. Rogers, organist of Bangor Cathedral, were chief adjudicators. Sir Llewellyn Turner presided at the evening concert.

CARMARTHEN.—A musical *matinée* was given, on Wednesday, August 1, at the Assembly Rooms, by Mrs Prince, principal of the High School in this town. The programme was gone through by the pupils in a manner reflecting credit both on themselves and their teachers. Without being invidious, we feel compelled to mention Miss F. Steele's artistic performance of Beethoven's "Sonata in A flat" (Op. 26); and the singing of Mendelssohn's duet, "I would that my love," by Misses E. Tudor Thomas and Ch. Williams. The concert concluded with "God save the Queen," after which the Vicar proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs Prince, the pupils, and teachers, and to Mr Cooke, the zealous conductor.—A concert was given at the Assembly Rooms, on Thursday evening, August 2, by Miss Ellis, R.A.M., daughter of Mr George Ellis, Francis Terrace. She was assisted by a number of competent artists, and patronized by the nobility and gentry of this and the neighbouring counties.—The Eisteddfod, held in a spacious marquee at New Quay, on Tuesday, July 31, proved a great success. There was a large attendance.—*Carmarthen Journal.*

NORMACOT.—On Friday, August 3, Mr S. S. Forster, head master of the Blind College, was married to Marianne, daughter of the late Mr John Bailey, of Shooter's Hills, Staffordshire, at the Church of the Holy Evangelists, Normacot. The marriage service, fully choral, commenced at 10.30, and was followed by a celebration of the Holy Communion, the officiating clergy being the Rev. Granville R. Bailey, B.A., brother of the bride, the Rev. H. J. R. Marston, M.A., and the Rev. A. Hombersley. The bride, dressed in a handsome white silk brocade, trimmed with natural flowers, wore a wreath of orange blossoms, and a magnificent gold and pearl bracelet, the gift of her mother. The bridesmaids were Misses Annie Forster and Louisa Bailey. Mr W. H. Dickinson, a former pupil of Mr Forster, acted as best man. The church, tastefully decorated, was well filled by the parishioners, in whose esteem the bride stood high, she having been an active worker in the parish for some years. As the party left the church flowers were strewn in their path by a number of children. At the breakfast the health of the bride and bridegroom was proposed in a very happy speech by the Rev. H. J. R. Marston, and feelingly responded to by the bridegroom. Many handsome presents were received from relations and other friends.

CHELTHAM.—Two recitals of pianoforte music, by pupils of Mr Ricardo Linter, were given in the Montpellier Rotunda on Friday and Saturday afternoons last week. Both recitals were numerous attended by their relations and friends, who must have been highly gratified with the ability displayed by the young ladies in the performance of the various compositions allotted to them. Mr Linter evidently takes especial pains in educating his numerous pupils in the essential part of pianoforte playing, viz., a fine touch, freedom of the wrist, and correct octave playing. The latter qualification was especially marked in the performance by Miss Hunt of a difficult octave study, the composition of Mr Linter, which obtained unanimous and hearty applause. All Mr Linter's pupils displayed

indeed so much ability, that it is with difficulty we can select any for special praise. We must, however, name Miss Nevile Wyatt, who played a nocturne with exquisite taste; Miss J. Mackenzie, who gave a brilliant Scherzo by Weber; Miss Mackenzie, in Raff's "Polka de la Reine;" Miss Fennimore, in a popular solo; and Miss Hunt, who played a Rondo by Beethoven with such neat execution, that it would have been heard again with pleasure. Miss Hunt also joined Mr Linter in a Grand Duo for two pianos upon themes from *Guillaume Tell*. We congratulate Mr Linter on the legitimate success achieved by his pupils, and we must acknowledge that these recitals were among the most interesting we have attended during the season.—A. B.

LONG EATON.—A new organ, built by Messrs. Brindly Foster, of Sheffield, for Zion Chapel, Long Eaton, was opened on Sunday, July 29. The chapel was also re-opened after having been closed for repairs and cleaning, &c. Sermons were preached by the Rev. T. Rushworth. Mr S. W. Pilling, of Bolton, presided at the organ in the morning and afternoon, and Mr W. Gadsby, of Ilkeston, in the evening. The collections amounted to £22 15s. An organ recital was given on Saturday evening, August 4, by Mr Pilling. The following is the specification of the instrument: Great organ CC, to C, 61 notes, 6 stops; swell organ, CC to C, 61 notes, 6 stops; pedal organ, CCC to F.—*Nottingham Guardian.*

The projected tour of Mr Sims Reeves, which was to begin this week, will extend to the middle of October. No more talk of "Farewells," we are glad to say. The time has, happily, not yet come.

SIGNOR SCHIRA.—"It is," writes the *Trovatore* of Milan, "with great pleasure that we have again seen among us—and, if we may say so, every year younger and younger—our highly esteemed and very dear friend, Francesco Schira, the eminent *maestro*, who does such honour to Italian art in London."

The Saturday evening concerts at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Mr Manns, hold out every hope of becoming a permanent attraction. Mr Manns is a Quasimodo in his way, the orchestra of the Crystal Palace being to him, like the Belfry of Notre Dame to Victor Hugo's admirable creation, an absorbing and unconquerably despotic attraction. All honour to him who so valiantly came forward at the Handel Festival, in the unavoidable absence of Sir Michael Costa, and showed himself so worthy to tread in the footsteps of that illustrious chief!

The Civil and Correctional Tribunal, Rome, have condemned the conductor of the orchestra at the Caffè Colonna to a fine of 300 liras, and costs amounting to 1,000 liras more, for performing without permission musical copyright compositions belonging to Ricordi, Lucca, and other publishers.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.—No doubt is now entertained that the necessary amount will ere long be collected for the monument to the composer of *La Damnation de Faust*. The sum of 3,620 francs has been collected by the sub-committee in Marseilles, and, in forwarding it to the head committee in Paris, M. Alexis Rostand, speaking in the name of the sub-committee, of which he is chairman, expresses a hope that they will see the money devoted, not to a monument in a cemetery, out of sight of the general public, but to a statue erected in the heart of Paris, in the centre of an open space, or before some notable edifice.

BAYREUTH.—The meeting of the General Wagner Association was attended by delegates to the number of 150 from the branch associations in Vienna, Berlin, Munich, Mannheim, Trieste, Prague, Strassburg, Nuremberg, Worms, Leipsic, Carlsruhe, &c. The chairman, Baron Ostini, opened the proceedings by proposing three cheers for their patron, King Ludwig of Bavaria, who had forwarded the assembly a telegram. After some other business had been transacted, and a vote of thanks to the board of directors passed, Herr Gross, a member of the board, stated that the Wagner Performances for 1884 were assured, thanks to the disinterestedness of artists who had formed a society for continuing them permanently, and had offered the presidency of the society to Franz Liszt, who, it is said, will probably accept it. Among other proposals made to the meeting was one to get up a lottery in aid of the "Performance Fund."

Mr Oberthür's overture to his opera, *Floris von Namür*, was performed at the concert of the "Städtischen Theater, und Kur-Kapelle" at the Kurhaus, Homburg, under the direction of Kapellmeister Gustav Tömling, with great success.

COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

A very numerous assemblage welcomed, with every sign of satisfaction, the commencement, on Saturday night, of the season of promenade concerts at Covent Garden Theatre, and the eagerness of the public to avail themselves of the renewal of one of their most favourite forms of amusement may be estimated from the statement that nearly 6,000 persons paid for admission during the evening. Mr W. Gwyllym Crowe is again the conductor, and the excellent orchestra, with Mr J. T. Carrodus as leader, includes once more Mr John Radcliff and Mr Howard Reynolds, as instrumental soloists on the flute and cornet, with the valuable aid of the band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr C. Thomas. The large space at the back of the stage is occupied by a quaintly-devised Chinese Pavilion, painted by Mr Albert Callcott, and the electric light is now introduced on a much more extended scale. A new entrance from Bow Street has been made to the Floral Hall, once again converted into a gaily-ornamented lounge for smoking and refreshment, and in other respects great improvements have taken place in regard to increased facilities of egress. Guinea season tickets, giving nightly admission, are a novelty in the arrangements made by the present lessee, Mr W. F. Thomas, and it is intimated that Wednesday evening concerts will be distinguished, as hitherto, by the performance of classical and standard music. The vocalists engaged are Madame Rose Hersee, Madame Enriquez, Madame Patey, Mr Maybrick, and Mr Maas. On Saturday evening Madame Rose Hersee delighted her auditors with Weber's "Softly sighs the voice of evening," and accepted an encore for the ever-welcome "Home, Sweet Home." Madame Enriquez was also encoired in "Robin Adair." Mr Maybrick vigorously rendered "I fear no foe" and "The Midshipmite," and Mr Joseph Maas had both his songs, "Annabel Lee" and "The anchor's weighed," enthusiastically redemanded. Among the orchestral performances a melodious waltz, called "In the Moonlight," composed by Mr Gwyllym Crowe, received marked favour. A programme to be varied nightly need not be minutely detailed, but it would be unjust to omit mention of the force and precision displayed by the band in the performance of the overtures and popular instrumental selections. This week Miss Mary Lemmens, Miss Helen D'Alton, and Mr Vernon Rigby will be added to the list of vocal executants.—W. B. K.

THE ORGAN AT ST GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

Description of the organ in St George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, just completed by Messrs Gray & Davison. The cases and most of the pipes of the old organ are incorporated in this instrument:—

Four manuals, CC to A, 58 notes, and pedals, CCC to G, 30 notes.

GREAT ORGAN.—Double open diapason, metal throughout, 16 ft.; large open diapason, 8; open diapason, 8; stopped diapason, 8; clarabella, 8; principal, 4; harmonic flute, 4; twelfth, 2½; fifteenth, 2; sesquialtra, 3 ranks; mixture, 2 ranks; posaune, 8; clarion, 4.

SWELL ORGAN.—Lieblich bourdon, 16 ft.; open diapason, 8; stopped diapason, 8; dulciana, 8; vox celestis, 8; principal, 4; octave dulciana, 4; fifteenth, 2; mixture, 3 ranks; contra-fagotto, 16; corneopane, 8; oboe, 8; vox humana (in inner box), 8; clarion, 4; tremulant.

CHOIR ORGAN.—Dulciana, 8 ft.; keranophon, 8; stopped diapason, 8; principal, 4; flute, 4; piccolo, 2; corni di bassetto, 8.

SOLO ORGAN (on 6 inch wind).—Harmonic flute, 8 ft.; orchestral oboe (in swell box), 8; tromba, 8.

PEDAL ORGAN.—Open diapason, wood, 16 ft.; violon, metal, 16; bourdon, wood, 16; violoncello, metal, 8; trombone, wood tubes, 16.

COUPLERS.—Solo to great; swell to great; solo to pedal; swell to pedal; great to pedal; choir to pedal.

Four composition pedals to great and pedal; 3 ditto to swell; 1 ditto to take "great to pedal" in and out; 1 ditto to reduce pedal organ to "violone."

Pneumatic action to great organ and its couplers. Stops drawing at an angle. Keys overhanging, and near each other. Pedals concave, not radiating. Keys, &c., at south end, enabling organist to see towards either choir or nave. Wind reservoirs near the sound-boards. Swell pedal on new system, so as to remain wherever left by the organist's foot. Draw-stop knobs of solid ivory. Stool made so that the seat may be raised or lowered. Swell shuttles facing both south and west.

PETERHOF.—Anton Rubinstein is spending the summer at his villa here, busily engaged in completing a trio and, also, the one-act comic opera for which Ernst Wichert has supplied the libretto. In the autumn he thinks of returning to Germany to attend the production of his *Sulamith* at the Stadttheater, Hamburg, and the performance of his *Maccabäer* at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, as well as to play at Wüllner's second Subscription Concert in Berlin. [Although he has "renounced pianoforte playing for spoiling music-paper."—Dr Blüdt.]

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 479.)

XVIII.

The following anecdote, connected with Lesueur, will display the generosity of Cherubini's sentiments in another light. It was in 1793; Lesueur, then unknown save as a composer of religious music, was about to make his first essay on the stage, and preparing to bring out at the Théâtre Feydeau his first opera, *La Caverne*, the success of which proved so considerable. At one of the general rehearsals, Lesueur, rather awkward and embarrassed at finding himself among such a number of singers and instrumentalists, and being, moreover, utterly inexperienced in matters connected with the stage, did not know what to do, and was lost in compliments when serious observations were requisite. Cherubini, who was quite at home at the Théâtre Feydeau, and who was present, had for some instants been giving marks of impatience; at length, unable to contain himself any longer, he went up quickly to Lesueur, and said to him: "You can write music, but you do not know how to make them execute it." He then took Lesueur's place, and conducted the rehearsal from beginning to end. Lesueur, as the reader may imagine, never forgot this kind act. He entertained great admiration for Cherubini's genius, and did not hesitate to express it publicly. A few years afterwards, in his famous and interesting "Letter to Guillard" (which, parenthetically remarked, covered a hundred pages of print), he thus allowed his enthusiasm to overflow for a master who had rendered himself illustrious at an age when so many men are scarcely entering on their career, and only beginning to excite an interest among the public for themselves and their works:

"How is it," he said; "how is it that Cherubini, so celebrated throughout Europe, and whose precocious and extraordinary talent is admired in Germany as much as in Italy—how is it that Cherubini, who has given in France such striking proofs of talent extremely well adapted to the Grand Opera—how is it that this composer, with a style so broad, so pure, and, at the same time, so melodious and so learned, is not charged by the Grand Opera itself to compose works for it? What must Germany and Italy think, if they know that we possess such a man, but that we allow him to throw away his youth in inaction? It would be too dishonourable to the fine taste which reigns in France, were we ever to succeed in discouraging such an artist."

As the reader sees, Lesueur did not mince matters, and was not chary of his praise to the great artist he loved and admired. With regard to the affection uniting Cherubini and Boieldieu, there was something truly touching about it, and I see in it a proof not only of an altogether peculiar kind of natural sympathy of one for the other, but, also, of the noble-heartedness of both. This affection, it strikes me, must have been almost paternal in character on the part of Cherubini, and filial on that of Boieldieu, who, by the way, was the younger of the two by fifteen years. When Boieldieu came to Paris from the depths of his native Normandy, he was received into the house of that excellent fellow, Jadin, who first supplied him with board and lodging, and then introduced him to his colleagues and friends, including Méhul, Kreutzer, and Cherubini, who all received him in the most cordial fashion.† The new comer soon became a favourite with Méhul and Cherubini, to whom in common he dedicated, some years later, his fine score of *Zoraine et Zulnare*.

"... I admired your masterpieces," he said, in his dedication, "long before I knew and cherished their authors; and, if a deep feeling of what is truly beautiful can enable anyone to hope he shall reach it, I shall, perhaps, owe my talent to the enthusiasm those works inspire in me."

Cherubini gave Boieldieu a proof of his confidence in, and affection for, him, by consenting to write with him the little opera of *Emma, ou la Prisonnière*, produced, in 1800, at the Théâtre Montansier, and by publishing with him and Jadin a *Journal d'Apollon*, each number of which contained several pieces of vocal music written by the three. Cherubini's friendship for Boieldieu was one day displayed in a rather singular manner,

* LESUEUR: "Lettre à Guillard," sur la mort d'Adam.

† The reader will find a very interesting letter from Jadin on this subject in the book entitled: *Boieldieu, sa vie, ses œuvres, sa correspondance*, by Arthur Pougin.

though to the great advantage of Boieldieu. It was during the run of *Le Calife*, and this is how Boieldieu himself used to relate the anecdote:—

"Meeting me in one of the corridors of the theatre, Cherubini seized hold of me by my coat-collar, and said with his somewhat rough frankness: 'Unhappy wretch, are you not ashamed to achieve so great a success and to do so little to deserve it?' I remained stupefied at his words—I might well have been so at even less—and could find nothing to say in reply. But, after Cherubini had left me, feeling how much reason there was in his reproach, I lost no time in going to him and begging his advice. It was settled that he should take me with him to the country-house of Saint-Just, the writer of my librettos, including the libretto of *Le Calife*, and that he should there make me have an unpleasant time of it. I did so for two seasons. After that I knew what I was about. But for Cherubini, I should probably still be ignorant that science in no way detracts from expression."†

Boieldieu was, therefore, a pupil of Cherubini's, and Cherubini was really full of tenderness for him. When, on his return from Russia in 1811, after spending eight years out of France, he reappeared for the first time on the stage with a new work, *Rien de trop*, which obtained for him a hearty success, he himself states in one of his letters the share Cherubini had personally in that success:

"Cherubini, whom my brother saw sitting the whole time in the balcony, and who never left off applauding, came up and told me before every one that he was enchanted with the music."‡

But Boieldieu was no more exempt than others from his friend's freaks of temper and sudden outbursts. We know, for the statement has been repeated again and again, that Cherubini's first reply to any request whatever was a very decided refusal. But this did not very much alarm those who were well acquainted with him, and aware that in his case the second impulse was always the reverse of the first. The only thing was to know how to go about the business, and—about him. Boieldieu, a magician in this respect, who had his Cherubini at his fingers' ends, was not ignorant of the means to be employed to attain his object. Thus, not having any doubts as to ulterior success, when one day his friend had just replied with a formal "No" to a request that had been made him, he said with his kindly, gracious smile: "Oh, my dear Cherubini, what a pity your second impulse never precedes your first! It would be so agreeable for those who have business with you if it did!"

I should never finish, were I to mention all the circumstances indisputably proving how deeply the two were attached to each other. I will cite, however, a few more, and among them the fact that Cherubini wrote expressly for Boieldieu's marriage a men's three-part "O Salutaris," mentioned by him, with the occasion for which he composed it, in his Catalogue, and that he had his famous *Requiem* performed when his friend died. Lastly, Cherubini and Boieldieu, both of whom drew well, often whiled away in a charming fashion their time in the evening, when they were in the country together, by making numerous sketches in sepia or water-colours, and often did so "in partnership." The Cherubini and Boieldieu families have preserved several specimens of the combined skill of the two composers, and I myself have been enabled to see some of these sketches, which are perfectly charming.||

But, if we want really to know the depth of Cherubini's attachment to Boieldieu, we must read the address he delivered, in 1834, at his friend's tomb, and which was as follows:

"It is not long, gentlemen, since we accompanied hither the remains of our colleague Catel; to-day, we have to weep over Boieldieu, my very dear friend, whose death will be for us a never-ending source of regret. I was long connected by the bonds of friendship to this kindly man, to this composer of such distinguished genius. I saw him first enter on his musical career, in which he proceeded from one success to another. I will not now mention the

admirable works he composed. They are immortal; we all know and shall never forget them! His great reputation took him to St Petersburg, whither he was summoned by the Emperor of Russia. His reputation and his successes threw open for him the portals of the Institute. He was professor of composition in the Conservatory, but was obliged to give the post up, being already attacked by the malady which snatched him from us. I have no need to indulge at any length in the praise which is his due; for who did not love Boieldieu, who did not admire his talent and noble character? But I cannot refrain from expressing the deep grief I experience at his death! I have lost a friend and a brother, of whom I shall have nothing left but a sorrowful recollection! I weep over him when I ought to console his wife and his son. Their affectionate attentions soothed his sufferings, but were unable, alas, to prolong his days! Farewell, Boieldieu, farewell! I preceded you in life and in the career you so nobly followed, yet I now regret you, and weep over the earth about to close upon you, for God has chosen to call you to Him before me!"

(To be continued.)

THERE IS A PLEASING SADNESS.

SONG.

There is a pleasing sadness Which haunts the lonely hour, A solitary gladness Of most effective power, Which brings those pleasures near me That long have flitted by, When friendship's voice could cheer me And check the rising sigh. When wand'ring through the wild wood To Flora's fairy bower, Companions of my childhood, I cull'd full many a flower; Yet ne'er presum'd to raise one, Incautious from its stem, Till ye had deign'd to praise one As beauty's peerless gem.	But grief my brow hath shaded, And sorrow's gloom o'ercast, And every flower hath faded Beneath the wintry blast. E'en those which now are smiling Upon the desert wild, No longer are beguiling, Since Friendship is exil'd. Though nature gay attires them As e'er she did before, There is not one admires them Though I collect a score. A melancholy token, Neglected and dismay'd, That when my heart is broken I, too, like them shall fade.
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WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

Lord Garmoyle, the eldest son of Earl Cairns, is announced as about to be married to Miss Fortescue, a beautiful and clever actress at the Savoy Theatre. The lady, whose real name is Finney, and who is the daughter of the head of a large coal firm (Finney, Seal, & Co.), has, in the short time she has been upon the stage, won the respect and esteem of all who know her.

Surely the *claque* might be dispensed with at the opera? The *claqueurs* do their duty vigorously, but they check genuine applause, and this must, I should fancy, be of very much more value to singers than the applause they buy—for I take the individual singer, or her friends, to be responsible for the business. It is done in France, of course, and I gather from a recent event that it is now the habit in Italy.* I judge so, because of what took place on the first night of a composition called *La Regina di Scozia* at the Folies Dramatiques. A lady dressed in black was seated in a stage-box. She had a large fan. When she opened the fan and used it, applause came from a section of the gallery in accordance with the vigour with which the fan was waved. When the instrument was closed the applause ceased. All this was so neatly done that it must have been practised, and, as the company came from Italy, I assume that it was practised there.—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.

MELBOURNE.—The last of the Kennedy Concerts, which was given in the Town Hall on Saturday night, June 9th, attracted the largest audience yet assembled to enjoy these popular entertainments. The pieces in the programme, which had been selected by the audience, included some of the most popular songs given by the Kennedy family, and were received with enthusiastic applause. Mr Kennedy at the conclusion of the entertainment, after thanking the public for their patronage, made the pleasing announcement that he would return in twelve months' time, and bid a final farewell to Melbourne. Mr R. Kennedy, who during the week had become a Benedict, had an old shoe with a bouquet attached thrown at him in accordance with the time-honoured custom, which regards such a missile as a token of good fortune.—Mr and Mrs R. Kennedy intend to take a tour round the world, which will occupy about five years. This is a proper kind of honeymoon, is it not?—*Melbourne Herald*, June 11th, 1883.

* It has long been the habit in Italy.—Dr Blüdge.

† This anecdote was given, also, by M. Mellinet in a work entitled *Boieldieu à Nantes en 1819*, and inserted in *La Revue du Breton*, for the year 1836.

‡ See *Boieldieu, sa vie, ses œuvres*, &c.

|| I cannot refrain from citing, also, here the following good thing of Cherubini's about Boieldieu. One of his friends, speaking to him of the success of *La Dame Blanche*, which had reached its tenth performance, confessed he had not yet heard it, whereupon Cherubini said to him, with a movement of impatience: "Perhaps you are waiting for it to change colour."

EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

EXCERPT No. 29.
1795.

(Continued from page 485.)

This summer I went to pass a fortnight at Margate. I was induced to give the preference to the Isle of Thanet, from its being generally considered a more reasonable place to live at than other watering-places. This I found was not the case; for the people of Margate have so many artful methods of making extracts from one's purse, that I question whether living at Brighton, even when the Prince of Wales was there, would be attended with greater expense. On taking possession of your apartments at Margate, the landlady very officiously presents you with keys of the different closets, and at the same time recommends to you, as she cannot be answerable for servants, not to forget when you go out to take them with you. This precaution I adopted: but notwithstanding, the articles of tea, sugar, wine, &c., as if through some invisible agent, had vanished in large proportions. This appeared to me very mysterious, until speaking jocosely on the subject to a friend, who knew the trim of the place, he exclaimed, "The thing you speak of is common. They present you with keys for the purpose of lulling you into a fancied security, whilst with duplicate ones in their own possession they never fail during your absence to plunder you with impunity. The people, generally speaking, who let lodgings in Margate, having no other means, take a house for the purpose of living on their extortions from the end of one season to the commencement of the following, thereby proving, that although there are not any sharks to be found in the waters of Margate, there are an abundance to be met with on its land."

I passed my time notwithstanding pleasantly enough, by bathing early, walking on the cliffs and the pier, and reading the London newspapers at Garner's library. At the latter I frequently met an Irish officer of a very animated and agreeable disposition. That gentleman one morning, whilst reading a newspaper, suddenly exclaimed, "By my faith, and there is another old friend gone!—Poor Callan!—Well, we must all attend the roll-call!" After a short pause, the tear, which had stood glistening in his eye, fell, when rallying his spirits, he added, "On my conscience, I have lately read of so many deceased old friends in the newspapers, that I should not feel at all surprised if I was one day to read an account of the death of myself!" On the morning of the day I left Margate I met on the pier Mr Broughton, an elderly gentleman I had known and respected for several years. He was a man of placid and amiable disposition, and though his close attention to business had somewhat marred the correctness of his phraseology, he was nevertheless a very estimable character, and strange to say, although a citizen, had never before visited the sea-coast! Whilst walking on the new pier, which had not long been finished, I described to him the violence of that storm which had rent asunder the former one, and which thereby rendered a new one indispensable; observing also, that the new pier being much wider and longer than the old one, was considered to be a great improvement: to which he replied, in his mild way, "It is an improvement indeed:—it is an improvement for the better!" He had scarcely uttered those words when our attention was arrested by a general rush of the promenaders to the upper end of the pier. They were attracted as it appeared by a large ship with all her canvass set, coming before the wind in fine style towards the harbour. My friend was much struck with her majestic and beautiful appearance, and having expressed his admiration repeatedly, at length ejaculated, "How wonderful are the works of nature!"—My time for departing from Margate being nearly arrived, I took leave of my friend, and repaired to my lodgings, where the stage-coach calling for me, I got into it, and set out on my journey to London.

The King's Theatre opened for the season on the 12th of December, with the heroic opera of *Le bella Arsene*. In this opera (which went off with great *éclat*) Mme Banti, Signor Roselli, and Signor Morelli, sang in the first style of excellence, and received such applause as proved they were in as high estimation as ever.

1796.

On Tuesday the 16th of February, a new comic opera, entitled *I Traci amanti*, in which Signora Fabrizzi made her first appearance, was produced at the King's Theatre. The voice of Signora Fabrizzi was clear and powerful, and her manner was graceful. She was much applauded. The exquisite music of this opera was composed by Cimarosa. Cramer was leader, and Badini poet. Banti produced for her benefit, the 7th of April, Gluck's superb serious opera, *Iphigenia in Aulide*. The transcendent music of this opera (finely sung by Banti) was honoured with unbounded applause by an elegant and overflowing audience. If the public felt indebted to Banti for the introduction of this opera, they repaid the obligation to the amount of at least a thousand pounds!

Signor Viganoni made his first appearance on the 14th of June, in a new comic opera called *Tesoro*. Viganoni's voice, though not remarkable for power, was distinguished for its sweetness; and his style of singing was fanciful and elegant. He was greatly and justly applauded. The music, composed by Mazzinghi, though it possessed no depth of science, was light and pleasing. These operas were performed with great success throughout the season.

The Chevalier Christopher Gluck (a German), who composed the opera before mentioned, *Iphigenia in Aulide*, was a native of the Upper Palatinate, on the frontiers of Bohemia, and was born in the year 1712. The first rudiments of that art in which he afterwards acquired so much celebrity were obtained at Prague. His father dying whilst he was young, he was left almost wholly destitute, and his education was in consequence entirely neglected. So great was, however, his love of music, that with the knowledge he had at that time acquired, he travelled from town to town, supporting himself by his talents, until he had worked his way to Vienna. In this city he was befriended by a nobleman, who took him into Italy, and had him properly instructed there. At Milan he studied under J. B. San-Martini, and produced there his first opera; and afterwards, in 1742, whilst at Venice, he composed the opera of *Demetrius*. The celebrity he had already acquired was such, that he was recommended to Lord Middlesex as a composer to the opera in this country, and he arrived in England just before the breaking out of the rebellion in 1745. After this period the performance of operas was entirely suspended for about twelve months, on account of a public prejudice against the performers, who, being all foreigners, were chiefly Roman Catholics. The house was re-opened in 1746 with Gluck's opera of *La Caduta dei Giganti*, which however was so unsuccessful as to be represented only five times. This failure induced him to return to Italy, where he is stated to have composed several operas in the style of the times, namely, in imitation of the works of Terradellas, Gallupi, and Jomelli. In the year 1765 Gluck composed his famous opera of *Orfeo*, written by Calsabigi, for the celebration of the marriage of the Emperor Joseph the Second. This production derived considerable *éclat* from the circumstance of the Archduchess Amelia playing the part of Apollo, the Archduchesses Elizabeth, Josephine, and Charlotte, the Graces, and the Archduke Leopold presiding at the harpsichord. It was afterwards performed in public in Parma, Paris, Bologna, Naples, and London; but with much greater success on the Continent than in England. In the year 1769 Gluck produced at Vienna his opera of *Alceste*, and two years afterwards that of *Parigi ed Helena*. About this period he was engaged to write for the theatre in Paris, and for that purpose set to music an opera taken from Racine's *Iphigénie*. He does not, however, appear to have himself gone to Paris until the year 1774, when, at the age of sixty-two, he arrived in that city under the auspices of the late unhappy Maria Antoinette, and his opera of *Iphigénie en Aulide* was performed. In this he accommodated himself entirely to the natural taste and style of France, far excelling their then favourite composers Lulli and Rameau. This opera excited a great degree of enthusiasm in favour of Gluck. He afterwards, however, found formidable rivals in Sacchini and Piccini, both of whom arrived in France about the same period. This rivalry gave rise to the most animated discussions. The capital and the provinces were divided in their opinion respecting these celebrated musicians; their partisans formed sects: they published innumerable epigrams against each other; until at length, as if incapable of deciding on their respective merits, the public resolved to terminate all dissensions by dividing the palm among the three competitors. Gluck's opera of *Cythere assaigée* was composed in 1775; that of *Alceste* in the following year; and that of *Armide* in 1777. Not long after the performance of the latter Gluck returned to Vienna, where, in the year 1782, he was visited by the Emperor Paul Petrowitz of Russia and the Empress. Two years afterwards he was rendered incapable of writing by a paralytic stroke, under the effect of which he lingered until the 15th of November, 1787, when he died, at the age of seventy-five, leaving behind him a fortune which he had accumulated, of nearly thirty thousand pounds sterling. With respect to the character of Gluck's music, it has been remarked, that it is so truly dramatic, that the airs and scenes which have the greatest effect on the stage are cold and rude in concert; and that the interest gradually excited in the audience gives to them a principal part of their force and energy. His operas, however, certainly contain a rich flow of harmony, and in his overtures he has scarcely been equalled by any composer of his age. Marmontel says that Gluck has neither the melody, the unity, nor the charms of Pergolesi, of Gallupi, or Jomelli. His airs are wanting in those forms of pure and easy outline which, in music as in painting, distinguished the Correggios and the Raphaels. He has deservedly been well received in France. He gave to musical declamation a force, energy, and rapidity, which it never before possessed, and produced by harmony uncommon

effect, though through means by which melody was often destroyed. "Gluck," says Dr Burney, "seems so much to have been the natural musician of France, that since the best days of Rameau no dramatic composer has excited so much enthusiasm, or had his pieces so frequently performed. The Parisians fancied he had recovered the dramatic music of the ancient Greeks; that there was no other musician worth hearing; and that he was the only one in Europe who knew how to express the passions." In another place he says: "Gluck had great merit as a bold, daring, nervous composer; and as such, in his French operas, he was unrivalled. But he was not so universal as to be exclusively admired and praised at the expense of all other composers, ancient and modern. His style was peculiarly convenient to France, where there were no good singers, and where no good singing was either expected or understood by the public in general; and where poetry was set up against music, without allowing an equality, or even an opportunity of manifesting vocal powers. Gluck, in the moments of hilarity over his bottle, was accustomed to say, that 'the French are a very good sort of people, who love music and want songs in their operas, but they have no singers; and Sacchini being asked how his operas were executed in Paris, 'God forbid that I should ever go to hear them performed!' In Yriate's celebrated poem on the dignity and utility of music Gluck is mentioned in a manner highly flattering to his renown."

(To be continued.)

WAIFS.

Among the graduates last week at the University of Edinburgh was Arthur Henry Weiss Clemow, who took the degrees of M.B. and C.M. Dr Clemow had previously obtained, in competitive examination, the appointment of one of the resident physicians to the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, and is, also, honorary secretary to the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, one of the oldest institutions of the kind in the kingdom.

Herr Joseph Joachim was present at the Savoy Theatre, on Saturday, to witness, for the first time, the performance of Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan's *Iolanthe*.

In describing the programme of the forthcoming Gloucester Festival, the *Athenæum* sums up its observations thus:—"We have no hesitation in characterizing this as an admirable scheme, and it is to be hoped that it will meet with sufficient support from the musical public." (Hoch!—Dr Blügel.)

A two days' musical festival will take place at Wolverhampton on Sept. 13th and 14th, the principal works to be performed being *Elijah*, *The Mount of Olives*, Hummel's "Alma Virgo," Macfarren's *Lady of the Lake*, and Mackenzie's *Jason*.

Ambroise Thomas is taking a holiday in Brittany.

It is proposed to build a new Theatre at Santa Fé.

The stage of the Milan Scala is to be lighted by electricity.

Mdme Galli-Marié sang recently at Metz in Flotow's opera, *L'Ombre*.

The great violinist, Heinrich Laub, is at Gastein, we regret to add, dangerously ill.

Enrico Fignani is appointed professor of the violoncello in the Liceo Musicale Rossini, Pesaro.

The Governor of Madrid has prohibited all political allusions in dramatic and operatic performances.

A new *buffo* opera, *Ein Sonntagskind*, music by young Soukup, will be produced this winter in Vienna.

Talazac, tenor of the Paris Opéra-Comique, has been singing at Aix-les-Bains, where he opened in *Faust*.

The ex-tenor, Duprez, recently visited Dieppe, to attend the *débuts* of Alice Rabany, one of his pupils.

Merelli has engaged the young soprano, De Vere, to sing the part of Ophelia, in Ambroise Thomas' *Hamlet*, at Berlin.

There is some talk of Sembrich and Gayarre appearing together for a few nights at the Teatro del Liceo, Barcelona.

Cesare Casella, the violoncellist, has been created officer of the Portuguese Santiago Order. (By jingo!—Dr Blügel.)

After stopping more than a month in a hydropathic establishment at Auteuil, Camille Saint-Saëns has gone to Cauterets.

V. E. Nessler has just completed a new opera, *Jung Werner, der Trompeter von Säckingen*. (Good news!—Dr Blügel.)

M. E. Philippe has presented the original orchestral score of Spohr's *Faust* to the Library of the Paris Conservatory.

Cœdes, the composer, whose health had greatly improved of late, is at present so unwell as to cause serious apprehensions.

Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen* and *Tristan und Isolde* will probably be heard ere long at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

Besides his *Gioconda*, Ponchielli's *I Lituani* will be performed at the Italian Opera, St Petersburg, during the forthcoming season.

Ferdinand Gumbert, the well-known critic of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, is translating into German the libretto of Léo Delibes' *Lakmé*.

Dr Paul Klengel has been appointed professor of harmony, and Paul Quasdorf professor of the piano, at the Royal Conservatory, Leipzig.

Arditi and Ferdinand Strakosch were recently in Milan. (The sooner Arditi comes back the better for his general health.—Dr Blügel.)

An opera, entitled *L'Alcade de Zalamea*, book by Détrouyat and Silvestre, music by Benjamin Godard, will be produced this winter in Antwerp.

It is reported that Spondrini, architect of the Teatro Costanza, Rome, will be entrusted with the task of building the new Italian Opera-house, Paris.

A memorial, to be erected to C. M. von Weber in his native town, Eutin, will be unveiled on the 18th December, 1886, the 100th anniversary of his birth.

Louise Viardot, eldest daughter of Pauline Viardot-Garcia, is appointed teacher of dramatic singing in the Hoch Conservatory, Frankfurt-on-the-Maine.

Vaucorbeil, cured of the laryngial attack from which he suffered, has returned to Paris, to pursue his duties as administrator of the fortunes of the Grand Opera.

A weekly series of promenade concerts, under the direction of Mr Manns, commenced on last Saturday evening at the Crystal Palace. The full orchestra of the Saturday concerts assisted.

At the seventh Silesian Musical Festival, to be held next Whitsuntide at Breslau, Blumner's oratorio, *Der Fall Jerusalem's*, will be performed on the first day under the direction of its composer.

It is about an even thing between man and orange-peel. Sometimes the man throws the orange-peel into the gutter and sometimes the orange-peel throws the man. (Excruciating!—Dr Blügel.)

Mr Oberthür, the distinguished harpist and composer, starts next week on his annual professional tour in Germany. Among other towns, he will visit Munich, Kissingen, Wiesbaden, Schwalbach, Schlangenbad, Baden-Baden, Frankfurt (Hotel Drexel-de-Russie, of course), &c.

David Gaunt, a member of Mr W. J. Hill's comedy company, staying at the Cambridge Hotel, Scarborough, committed suicide on Wednesday evening by throwing himself from the window of the top story of the hotel. The deceased, when picked up, was found to be completely naked. His head was battered in by the fall, and blood and brains were scattered about. He had been in a depressed condition for some time.

In the last act of *Louis XI.*, Mr Irving, as the King, seems to have expired after a prolonged but almost painfully real struggle with the arch enemy. An old woman sat in the pit the other night, her husband by her side, and, with open mouth and staring eyes, watched the great actor's death scene. As he slipped down in his seat and succumbed a sigh of relief escaped her; but in a moment her mouth and eyes were open again. She clutched her husband's arm: "Oh, Lord, Jimmy! He's alive!" she exclaimed in horrified amazement. In fact, the King revives for a few moments before the end comes. A more sincere tribute to the actor's power was never heard.—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.

Mr G. Werrenrath's third series of "Afternoon Song Recitals," given in the hall of the Long Island Historical Society, was well patronized. He gave specimens of vocal composition by Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Oberthür (including his "Rose and the Ring"), Jensen, Faure, &c. Mr Werrenrath may be remembered as having sung with success at the last Birmingham Festival. He was assisted on the occasion under notice by Mr Hermann Korthauer, an accomplished pianist.—*American Journal*.

It is extraordinary how wide the artist will open his mouth when America is mentioned. Signor Fancelli, who is, perhaps, the most sweet-voiced tenor of the present day, being approached, replied that he understood Signor Campanini was to get half a million of francs (£20,000), and, therefore, he would want three quarters of a million (£30,000) for the season. The story goes that a stipulation was likewise made that the tenor should not be obliged to attend rehearsals, nor to learn new parts, and that scented soap and cigars were to be provided gratuitously. He expressed an opinion that his voice would suffice to divide America in twain, and render all current talk about the Panama Canal superfluous. Another great tenor has asked the more moderate price of £275 per night, and he will probably be accepted.—*CHERUBINI (London Figaro)*.

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